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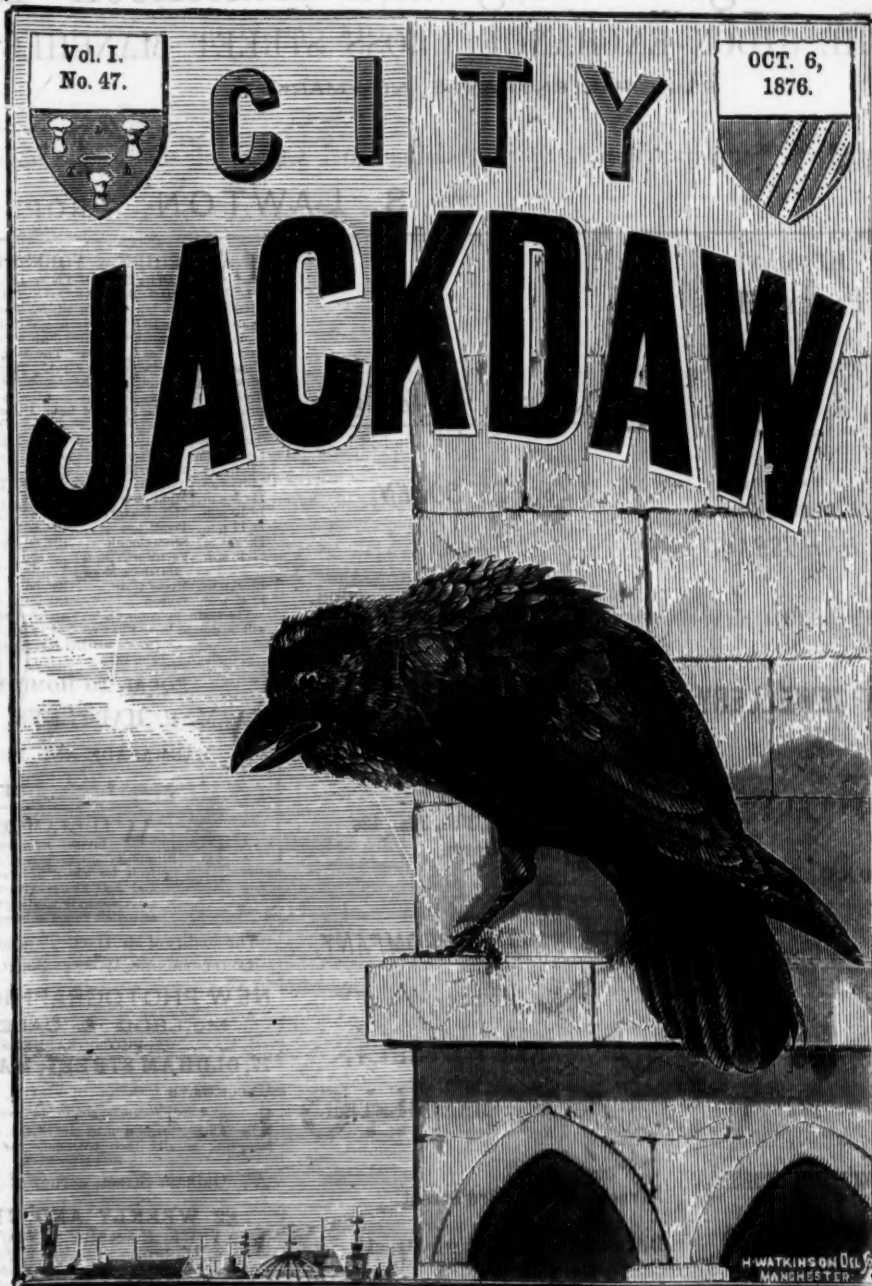
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# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 47.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## MR. BRIGHT AT THE REFORM CLUB.

**M**R. BRIGHT, at one time the representative, and at the present day the strongest active political influence in Manchester, has been for many years a stranger from our public meetings. Twenty years ago, Manchester, under a temporary aberration, hooted him from her sight—Mr. Malcolm Ross and the *Guardian* being especially active in stirring up the people to stone their prophet. Upon the subjects of the Eastern Question and English policy in backing up Turkey he was refused a hearing by a town's meeting, and what he had to say had perforce to be delivered to a select circle of his political friends, who remained in a time of searching trial faithful among the faithless, in Newall's Buildings. The whirligig of time has since brought its revenges. Mr. Ross probably has not been converted; nobody cares much for that. The *Guardian*, if it does not altogether accept Mr. Bright's dicta—it is easier for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven than for a newspaper to confess past error—has, on the whole, made handsome reparation for its mistake. But Manchester is thoroughly repentant, and now seeks and prays to hear the steady voice of its once rejected counsellor amidst the whirlwind, which twenty years ago he predicted to deaf ears. So far as the personal gratification of hearing the voice of the tribune of the people is concerned, the Manchester generation of to-day must be content to bear in disappointment the visitation upon it of the sins of its forefathers. Nature brings not back the Mastodon, nor can the strongest of us recall the former days. Time tells upon humanity in its most powerful specimens, and he who was able "at will to wield the fierce democracy" is now no longer physically fit to face the multitude that is desirous to listen at his feet. The popular wish—and probably there has been nothing upon which the Manchester public has been so unanimous as to hear John Bright in the present crisis, when the honour and name of England are in imminent danger of being stained in the bloody footprints of a barbarous and lecherous race—could not be gratified, and we must be content to hear him who can, and trust to our newspapers who cannot.

The *Jackdaw* obtains admission everywhere—not necessarily with frankness or readiness, and on this occasion Mr. Benjamin Armitage, whom we love, unaccountably omitted to send an invitation to our office—but as Mr. Fox Turner says of Mr. Alderman Bennett, by hookery or crookery, or more frequently after the manner of his kind, by rookery. On this occasion the *Jackdaw* appeared, by special appointment of Dr. John Watts, as a waiter. This was a device resorted to by more than one reformer who thought he had claims upon the Reform Club, and was anxious to obtain the privilege of seeing and hearing Mr. Bright; but the *Jackdaw*, having previously patented the trick, was able to collect a royalty on Monday evening that has since stood him sufficiently in drinks of pure water. Dressed in his glossiest swallow-tail, and most stiffly starched and shiniest collar, with double eye-glass dangling at his shirt-front, and his usually ruffled plumes carefully oiled and smoothed, our representative presented himself early at the back-door off Brown Street, was courteously received by the housekeeper, and instantly promoted to the front rank of waiters, his special duties being to keep the reporters and the invited guests, who occupied the only seats in the room, constantly plied with champagne throughout the evening. If any of the reporters or invited guests were disappointed with his services he now humbly craves their pardon, the enthusiasm begotten in him at the appearance of the veteran reformer, and the close interest with which he listened to his address, may possibly have made him forgetful for the

moment of his duties to some individual; but his word of honour may be taken that all the wine entrusted to him was disposed of conscientiously and to the utmost advantage.\* The honourable position to which he was promoted, gave to our representative a free run of the building, and after playing a few games at pool with Sir Thomas, and beating Jacob in a canter in a round game at pyramids in the billiard-room,† he took his place near the platform in time to see the ugly rush which took place on the opening of the main doors in the dining-room. To the credit of the young men of the Reform Club, he will say that they behaved, under the circumstances, very decently. Their race for front places, while impetuous at starting, was gently graduated before they reached the front of the hall, so that they "dressed" in the foremost ranks, as we say in the volunteers, without displacing a single chair of the row, which formed the only barricade between the crowd and the frightened reporters, who, being much accustomed of late to meetings under the Tory reaction and stormy Liberationist discussions, expected for a moment annihilation, or collapse under pressure. If due to moral influence, this orderly behaviour of the young Radical mob—the leader of which was the buoyant and ever-sprightly John Kingsley—was creditable; but the *Jackdaw*, being nothing if not cynical, ascribes it in part to the highly-waxed condition of the floor, which had been polished for the occasion to the slippery state of a real ice skating-rink. The crowd was admitted at half-past six o'clock, and having settled down as comfortably as might be in its crowded quarters, seemed much at a loss what to do with itself for the half hour that remained before the appearance of the chair and the speakers at seven o'clock. A momentary diversion was caused by the appearance of Mr. William Agnew in front of the platform as a volunteer candle-lighter of candles. As a super who comes on the stage to remove an impracticable chair or table while the scenes of a tragedy are being shifted is the butt of the gallery, so he was subjected to a running fire of chaff from the blustering and high-spirited wittings among the junior members. Mr. Agnew, good-natured as he always is, enjoyed the fun as much as anybody; and in the same way, acting in the spirit of the occasion, Dr. Pankhurst grinned a good-humoured smile when he was suddenly lifted up and hoisted shoulder-high by the taller comrades among whom he was wedged, and displayed for a few brief moments amid the jovial shouts and merry cheers of the audience. By-and-bye the special guests of the President, for whom chairs had been reserved upon the platform, began to arrive and take their places. We have not for a long time in Manchester—not since Mr. Disraeli's meeting in the Free-trade Hall—seen a more influential platform. Sir Thomas Bazley, looking hale and rosy, received the honours due to a veteran who has always been faithful, without suspicion of swerving; and his no less popular colleague, Mr. Jacob Bright, with his Parliamentary honours yet fresh upon him, enjoyed a similarly hearty ovation. When, last of all, Mr. John Bright, conducted by the Chairman, came to take his place, the pent-up enthusiasm of the audience burst forth into long and loud cheering, every man in the meeting standing; and when the applause began to exhaust itself there was taken up, in a full-voiced burst of song, the touching and expressive strain of "Auld Lang Syne." It was scarcely remarkable after this demonstration, so full of meaning, especially to the guest of the evening and the elder members of the old

\* To himself, we suppose. Our contributor has been ill for three days, and his copy, such as it is, was only supplied to us at the last moment before going to press.

† We had engaged this contributor on a distinct assurance that he did not know a cue from a brickbat.



Manchester Liberal party, that the Chairman, when he came to refer to Mr. Bright's former Parliamentary connection with the city, should find his voice become tremulous and his utterance for a moment unsteady. After a brief speech he called first upon Sir Thomas Bazley, who had been expected to make a short political address through the meeting to his constituents, but the hon. baronet, in the exercise of a wise discretion, declined to stand for more than a moment between the meeting and its expected gratification.

Mr. Bright appeared in excellent health, and spoke for nearly an hour with greater firmness and rapidity than we have heard him for many years. His voice was pure and clear, and exhibited no trace of that huskiness which has marred some of his finest recent speeches. Once or twice, and only once or twice, when he spoke of the Bulgarian horrors, and sketched the wasting character of Turkish rule, his manner glowed with indignant animation, and his voice was raised to the rapidity and loudness almost of passion, but in the main the speech was delivered in that subdued, persuasive strain of judicial breadth and gravity which is characteristic of his later style, and so effective in debate. His first point was made at the expense of Mr. Disraeli—a small point, and not remarkable, perhaps, in print, but delivered with telling dramatic effect. To such a meeting he said it was unnecessary to apologise for talking politics. It was not an agricultural dinner meeting. He did not require to such a meeting, in the memory of a recent political speech at Aylesbury, to point the reference further. It is no part of our business to summarise a speech which every reader of ours—for we flatter ourselves that our readers are intelligent, and enjoy the English classics, whatever their political creed may be—has already combed and carefully digested for himself; but we cannot refrain in passing from noticing the masterly and artistic manner in which the speaker sketched, as in cameo size, the work of the Liberal party, and revealed the broad and patriotic purpose which has animated it all. This sketch was not without its value at a time when Conservative orators and writers, at their wit's end for a valid defence of the Government, are resorting to charges against the Liberal leaders of using the aroused sentiment of the nation for party purposes.

But the substance of the speech was directed, of course, to the Eastern Question, upon which, of all men living, perhaps Mr. Bright has a right to speak. What he said has been discussed from every point of view, and upon the wide issues he raised we shall not venture to trespass.

Passing from great things to small, as our manner in picking up unconsidered trifles is, we propose to reveal a secret which may cause disquiet in some quarters. Publish it not in Red Lion Court, nor tell it in the smoke-room of the Conservative Club. Mr. Bright was assisted in the delivery of his speech by a reporter of the *Courier*! And this aid he actually and literally stooped to borrow. It was in the form of a hat—from minute description of which we chivalrously forbear—a hat belonging to the hireling of a Tory paper, and probably paid for—if paid for, thereby may hang a tail or bill—by a moiety of pennies spent in the purchase of the Tory newspaper out of the hard-earned winnings of Tory working-men! Ah! little thought Mr. S. C. Nicholson, for example, that the penny which he expended, that he might peruse the authorised version in the *Courier* of Lord Beaconsfield's latest speech, may have contributed towards furnishing an impromptu reading-desk for the orator who was to tear that speech to pieces! "To what base uses," etc., he may at this moment soliloquise. "Will you kindly lend me your hat?" said Mr. Bright to the *Courier* reporter, who was sitting at his feet. Was it that reporter's duty, as representing a Conservative newspaper, and having purchased his hat and paid for it—supposing, of course, that he has paid for it—out of the pennies of Tory working-men—was it his duty to grant the request thus suddenly and unexpectedly addressed to him? A conscientious reporter representing the principles of his party might think twice in this dilemma, and it is possible that this particular reporter did think more than once before he replied. But he was saved the necessity of making up his mind, for Mr. Bright seized the hat before the *Courier* reporter had time to think of the pain which he might have inflicted by a refusal.\*

\* This hat will be readily disposed of by the proprietor or lessee—we cannot profess with accuracy to decline which—as an interesting relic of a great event, at a small premium, to any enthusiastic Radical who may place value upon it. We have ourselves some idea of purchasing it for the Jackdaw museum of rare curiosities, to be placed alongside the reporter's Bible.

How the speech was reported and delivered in several scores of printing offices in the most distant parts of the three kingdoms, within three hours after it was delivered, we might tell—but we dare not reveal the secrets of the prison-house. The reporters worked under great disadvantages, but a little organisation, and much hearty goodwill, and give and take (especially short "takes"), overcame many difficulties. To Mr. Hall and Mr. Mason, who made the arrangements for telegraphing the speech, the compliment that has been paid them by our daily contemporaries is justly due for accomplishing a feat never paralleled before, we believe, in a provincial telegraph office.

How does it happen that with the most accurate and painstaking reporting possible mistakes inevitably creep in in reporting a poetical quotation? Columns of prose may be reported without a comma misplaced, but as sure as there occurs the most commonplace quotation in verse your reporter stumbles. It may be that the difficulty of distributing the lines correctly, as he takes them in his shorthand notes, when he finds himself suddenly plunged into a measure with which he may be unacquainted, makes it difficult for him to write his symbols with the accustomed care. Mr. Bright used only one poetical quotation, and we are not quite sure that it has been correctly reported anywhere. Our Manchester daily papers require to be taken together to get the lines accurately. It was, as given by Mr. Bright—

Byzantines boast that on the clod  
Whereon their Sultan's foot has trod  
Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree.

One newspaper, grammatically enough, substituted "Byzantines" for "Byzantians," and another in the third line transposed "grass" and "grows." The *Daily News*, probably puzzled with "Byzantians" as metamorphosed in its telegraphic transmission, boldly suppresses the Turkish people altogether, and gives the quotation as "the well-known boast."

It may interest some of our readers to know that a similar quotation was used with equally telling effect by Mr. Cobden "in his very first literary production, written and published in the spring of 1835, when he was unknown to fame, and a simple 'Manchester manufacturer.'" In the pamphlet, "England, Ireland, and America," the following passage occurs:

"Why need we seek for foreign testimony of the withering and destroying influences of Mahomedanism? The Turks themselves have a proverb, which says, 'Where the Sultan's horse has trod, there no grass grows.'"

And where the Spahi's hoof has trod,  
The verdure flies the bloody soil.—Byron.

## DEATH ON THE PLATFORM.

A GENTLEMAN lost his life at Heaton Chapel station last week in what seems a very simple manner. In alighting from the train his foot slipped, and his legs were caught between the platform and the footboards of the carriage, which was in motion. It is possible that the unfortunate man may have imagined that the train had stopped; but no one who has been accustomed to morning and evening travelling on this and other local lines, can have failed to notice the extraordinary carelessness, in the matter of alighting from trains, exhibited by passengers. Those most conspicuous are, of course, the dwellers in the suburbs, who make two journeys a day, and in whom familiarity with danger has probably bred contempt. The feat of getting out of a railway carriage while in motion is not a very difficult one to learn by a man of strong nerve and agility, and such an one might probably feel such confidence in his own powers that the idea of danger would never enter his head. There must be on our local lines hundreds of persons who daily jump on to the platform before the train has stopped, and have no notion at all that they are risking their lives. In spite of this apparent security, however, the practice is an exceedingly risky and even perilous one, as melancholy accidents are happening now and again clearly prove. The question might well be put to these agile and intrepid travellers, whether it is worth while, for the sake of saving a few moments of time, to add another peril to the already over-stocked bundle of railway dangers. The saving in time may, indeed, be reckoned as infinitesimal; and it happens frequently that the impetuous one who jumps out is actually outstripped by the train, and reaches the street in time to contemplate the receding backs of those who were sensible enough to wait and get out in proper season. If

business men were, as a rule, observed to be equally economical of time in other respects, there might be greater justification for them in the matter under notice than can be found at present. The man, however, who will jump from a moving train, at the daily risk of his neck and limbs, in order to save a problematical minute, will be found, later in the day, wasting half an hour or more at the bar of a public-house. It is a good thing to save time, and it is also good to save money, but there are ways of saving both which are very far from being economical or logical. There is the additional reflection that no man's powers, however agile and self-possessed he may be, are infallible. A foot slips, the head reels for an instant, and the results are irrevocably disastrous. It may be added, unfortunately, that passengers on our local lines are not always sober in the sense of being able to form a proper estimate of their own power for the time. Habit is strong, but the fumes of whiskey or beer are stronger than habit; and while they are apt to foster a false confidence they do not, as a rule, give the steadiness of action by which that confidence might be triumphantly justified. The whole matter, however, is probably one in which no amount of remonstrance or verbal argument will prevail with the masses. An individual here and there might, if strongly appealed to, acknowledge the error of his ways; but in the aggregate, unless passengers are protected against themselves by the railway companies, they will go on jeopardising their lives in a silly way, and laughing with something like contempt at advice and warning. At present there are, we believe, bye-laws which are practically a dead letter. The companies probably consider that accidents being so rare the public skill in breaking wise rules has proved that the rules may safely remain in abeyance; but in such lamentable cases as that quoted at the beginning of this article there is surely a heavy responsibility resting on persons who, by timely enforcement of a simple and harmless regulation, might effectually prevent their occurrence.

### MUSICAL HUMAN NATURE.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

#### No. VI.—THE BARREL-ORGAN.

THIS is an instrument which requires no skill in the player; it is therefore to be written of chiefly with relation to those who listen to it. It may first be remarked, however, that possibly the man who grinds that organ may consider himself a very skilful musical performer; nay, it is quite possible to imagine the possessor of a good barrel-organ—if there be barrel-organs that are good, but all goodness is relative—I say it is quite possible to imagine such an one vaunting himself, and assuming airs of superiority over the poor devil who turns the handle of an inferior instrument. The man with the least tuneful instrument may at the same time be earning as much money as the other, for he is the more likely of the two to receive money for going into the next street; but for all that organ-grinders are but human, and pride and vanity are but human emotions. Of course, it is ridiculous; we all know that if there happens to be any difference between the instruments the fact is due to external circumstances, the respective makers, and so on; but it is a harmless sort of vanity, and very common in life. How many men make a noise in the world, and are proud thereof, having no more genuine right to be vain than your poor organ-grinder? Any one can grind an organ, look you, whether it be good or bad. Take some person who has failed in everything else, who is too clumsy or too foolish to get on among his fellows in the usual walks of life—take him, I say, and set him up in business with an organ, and he will earn a good living out of the charitable and insane who will assemble to listen to him. I wonder if any one was ever born and bred to the trade. I can only say that I am aware of many thousands of people who have, morally and metaphorically speaking, inherited a barrel-organ, and gone through life triumphantly on the strength of that inheritance. Men are born soldiers, sailors, statesmen, look you, and why should they not be born organ-grinders? It must be

a capital thing to inherit an organ; it is a comfortable living for life without any exertion, except that of the elbow. As long as the musician has brains enough to look after the coppers that is all that he requires. I hope it will not be considered that I am going out of my way to be satirical, but when I read, for example, of a Prince, who is a midshipman in the nursery, a lord lieutenant at fifteen, a captain at twenty, and an admiral at twenty-one, I cannot help thinking of the man who inherits a barrel-organ. I read of another Prince who is a Gallant Soldier and Field Marshal, K.C.B., etc., who has never smelt powder except at a review, and is not very old, and I am again reminded of that detestable barrel-organ simile. A son and heir is born to the Earl of Dufferton; were he to inherit a barrel-organ he would doubtless possess brains enough to turn the handle and produce a tune. The child is an hereditary legislator in his cradle, however, and that is better than inheriting an organ, because he needn't even work with his elbow unless he likes. This is all nonsense though, and there are no such cases; there is no authenticated case of a barrel-organ being inherited. The race of organ-grinders is enveloped in mystery; their private habits are known more, I fancy, to police inspectors and workhouse masters than to the general public. With these, however, there is at present nothing to do, it is of the organ-grinder in his public capacity that I would treat, and here it may be repeated that the possession of a very bad organ may be equally lucrative with that of an exceedingly good one. The two musicians appeal to different sides of human nature, although there are not a few people who, like myself, hate all organ-grinders, and would banish them, not only into the next street, but into the next parish. I say, however, that a man with an ill-tuned organ possesses an enormous power, and he uses it. After all, why should a power be inherited or obtained at all if it is not to be used? We have grown too refined to listen any more to bad music, so we pay the man to go away. That is one of the uses of money. Why do we pay taxes? To support the Government? Not at all; we pay that we may be let alone, to enjoy the rest of our income which has not been swallowed up by this black mail. We are always paying organ-grinders of some kind to go into the next street if we only knew it. Now, who the folks are who, taking genuine pleasure in organs, give money to the performers I do not know. There must be some such I suppose, but at the same time I think that, as a general rule, there is this to be considered: if you give the poor man a penny, or fourpence, or sixpence, according to your means, the whole street, pretty well, is sure to be aware of that kind action; whereas, if you assail that man with bitter words and remonstrances, the neighbours and passers by set you down as a curmudgeon, and the policeman looks on you with contempt. It is a good thing, after all, to have the good opinion of one's neighbours, though the benefit done to one's kind be doubtful.

### WHAITE'S WATER-COLOURS.

WITH considerable pleasure may be greeted the season which brings round this annual exhibition. As we have had occasion in former years to remark, one part of its interest lies in the fact that a field has been given for the exhibition of rising talent. If no exemplary instance of hitherto undiscovered excellence is presented this year to notice, that is no fault of Mr. Whaito, who, notwithstanding, has managed to collect a very pleasing assemblage of works of art in water-colour which will well repay by an agreeable lounge the visitor who goes to see them. Where the work of all, or nearly all, the exhibitors possesses some merit it would be invidious to make selections for special notice, because, in the first place, it would be no great favour to any particular artist to exalt him on a pedestal among a crowd of mediocre rivals; and, in the second, such exaltation might defeat its own kindly object by causing the aspirant to forget that he—or she, for we notice a number of lady artists—has much to learn before the genuine fame which it is out of the power of a local and humorous journal to bestow can be satisfactorily compassed. With these remarks we preface a hearty commendation of Mr. Whaito's gallery to all those who have time and inclination to visit a local exhibition of water-colour drawings.





## AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCES.—LAST WEEK of MISS LYDIA THOMPSON.  
ROBINSON CRUSOE.

**ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.**—Open for the Season. Attraction of the Season, Messrs. Danson and Sons' Magnificent Daylight Picture of the IMPERIAL CITY OF CALCUTTA, capital of the British Empire in India. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at dusk, during the season, will be represented the grand spectacle of the RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA, concluding with a Brilliant Display of Fireworks. The Military Band of the Gardens in attendance every day from two p.m. The great collection of living animals and birds always on view. Pleasure boats and steamers ply on the great lakes, which are upwards of eight acres in extent. Conservatories, Ferneries, Museum, Mazes, Steam Horses, Velocipedes, etc. Admission, 6d. each; Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, 1s. each after four p.m.

**SCIENCE LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.—EIGHTH SERIES,** comprising NINE LECTURES, the first two of which will be given in the HULME TOWN HALL, and the remaining seven in the New, New Central, and Spacious LECTURE HALL of the Young Men's Christian Association, PETER STREET, as follows:—

Tuesday, October 17, Tuesday, October 24, and Wednesday, November 1,  
A COURSE OF THREE LECTURES by Professor ROSCOE, F.R.S.  
Subject: "What the earth is composed of."

Monday, November 6, Monday, November 13, and Monday, November 20,  
A COURSE OF THREE LECTURES by J. NORMAN LOCKYER, Esq., F.R.S.  
Subject: "The earth's place in nature."

Tuesday, November 28, Tuesday, December 5, and Tuesday, December 12,  
A COURSE OF THREE LECTURES by Professor W. C. WILLIAMSON, F.R.S.  
Subject: "Life on the earth."

Doors open at seven o'clock, the lectures commencing at eight. Subscribers' tickets for the series, numbered and reserved, are now ready, and may be had from the undersigned, One Guinea each.

57, King Street, Manchester, October 2, 1878.

JOSEPH LUNT.

## WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT when Professor Morgan, seeking to inspire the young medical students at Owens College with a noble zeal for vivisection, said of the disciples of Esculapius that "their motto is work, not talk; they have no leisure for the seductive harangues of platform," he must have had somebody in his mind's eye.

That he could not possibly mean the Bishop of Manchester, who is the hardest working man in the diocese.

That notwithstanding appearances were against him, it is scarcely credible that Mr. Hugh Mason poked Sir Edward Watkin in the ribs when he said at the Reform Club, on Monday night, that we had been greatly troubled of late by the Great Eastern Question.

That Dr. Pankhurst, on the same occasion, was elevated for once head and shoulders above the people.

That upon reading Mr. Bright's puff of the *Darlington Echo*, the proprietor of one Manchester evening paper exclaimed, "Good Evans!" and the other, "Well, upon my Sowl-er!"

That the cattle dealers were very rood in refusing to allow Acres Fair to be held at the cattle market.

That Mr. Reilly is so elated at getting the fair to Pomona that he has made himself a perch to sit upon.

That as Mr. John Bright's speech was so splendidly telegraphed on Monday, the telegraph clerks must have wired in.

That the gentleman, who writing to the *Times* on compulsory education in Manchester signs himself Dr. Jack, might have better signed himself Dr. What's-his-name.

That Mr. Alderman Husband objects to public baths in Salford, on the ground that he washes himself at the kitchen sink, and does not see why other people should not do the same.

That his objection to facilities for learning to swim, in Salford, rests on the adage that those born to be lung will never be drowned.

## ECCLES WAKES.

A PART from joking, we must congratulate the people of Eccles on the prospect which they possess of getting rid of an abominable nuisance, which has too long existed in their midst. It is only in the North of England that such a nuisance would have been permitted so long to exist, in a district pretty thickly populated by respectable people. Persons resident in Eccles will not require a description here of the kind of scenes which have been permitted to prevail when the wakes were on, while those resident elsewhere will be pretty well capable of appreciating them from their experience of similar gatherings on a larger or smaller scale elsewhere in the north. That Eccles has had the courage and determination to shake itself free of this abomination is a fact worthy of all commendation. There were so many excuses implied or actually offered for the existence of the nuisance that there is little wonder at its being permitted to exist so long. All sorts of pleas have been and are raised in its favour, among which the most plausibly deceptive is that which urges the necessity of some recreation for the working classes. The most sensible, however, of those very classes would repudiate an appeal which practically levels them with the brute creation, or rather places them beneath that level by associating recreation with abandoned debauchery. There is no better descriptive phrase to be applied to Eccles Wakes than this. In former days even the occasion may have been a bad and deleterious one, but it also served some useful purpose. There is no reason that now the use has passed away its concomitant evil should be preserved, and symptoms such as the abolition of Eccles Wakes following immediately after that of its sister abomination, Knot Mill Fair, are healthy symptoms in the moral life of the North of England.

## BLUE-BOOK GOVERNMENT.

TO-NIGHT (Friday) a meeting will be held in the Free-trade Hall to protest, in the name of Manchester citizens, against the system of blue-book administration which at present occupies the place of popular government in this kingdom. Of course, it is nobody's fault that the present crisis should have occurred during the recess, but it has never been the practice, hitherto, to allow English ministers to decide questions of vital importance to the nation without the voice of the people being consulted in some shape or form. It is true that the origin of the meeting, its complexion as well as that of the bills on the walls, favour the inference that it is distinctly a meeting of the Liberal party. The list of speakers, too, suggests forcibly the same thing, but it need not on that account be entirely and solely a partisan gathering. Liberals, we take it, have as much right as Conservatives to hold and express opinions on public affairs; and in a matter in which persons of all shades of politics take a not unnatural interest, it is necessary that the initiative should be taken by somebody. If, therefore, the question be raised quietly and sensibly, and not too much tall talk raised about the meeting being non-political, the Liberal party, by acting as they have done, will deserve the thanks of a large section of the community. After all, if the Eastern Question should drift, as it appears to be drifting now, into a party one between

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

Liberals and Tories, the fault—if it be a fault—will lie with the latter, for veiling in half-penetrable mystery a policy which is very generally suspected as one of complete incapacity. After all, the Liberals would be wrong in allowing themselves to be snuffed out merely because they are Liberals; and the astonishment expressed at their not doing so is an unmistakable proof, if one were wanted, that the party in power are desirous of sticking to it as long as possible. Whatever political party be in power, however, blue-book government cannot be endured any longer—a fact which a succession of public meetings throughout the land will very quickly help to demonstrate.

### MIDDLE AGE.

**M**Y father used to wear a wig  
(He's now beneath the sod),  
My veneration was so big,  
I did not think it odd.  
His time of life was just two score  
Of years when I was born;  
I did not wonder why he wore  
That ornament forlorn.  
I could not guess that all his hair  
Had tumbled from his head;  
How could an infant be aware  
Of what he wore instead?  
Those curly locks I used to scan,  
And deem them real hairs;  
It never struck me that a man  
Some day might want repairs.  
And now myself I'm getting bald,  
I'm forty if a day,  
And creeping age, as it is called,  
Has snatched my hairs away.  
'Tis time for me to wear a wig,  
I have excuses ample,  
I need not think it *infra dig*,  
My sire's is the example.  
And when my children pull my hair,  
As children sometimes will,  
To hide the artifice I wear,  
I'll simulate a thrill.  
And this is a consoling thing—  
If badly they behave,  
My own gray hairs they will not bring  
In sorrow to the grave.

### NOTES IN THE CITY COUNCIL.

**I**T is much to be desired in the public interest that each meeting of the City Council could be held in the immediate prospect of a November election. The city fathers never settle down to work more practically than they do in October. The results of Wednesday's meeting—the Town Clerk being absent on his holidays, the business was got through in half the time—were most valuable, and all calculated to help the well-being of the people. First of all the proposal to double the width of the proposed railway bridge across Great Bridgewater Street was considered, and postponed for further inquiry and discussion. To throw a dark tunnel, one hundred yards long, across a thoroughfare so much in use is certainly undesirable, and should be avoided if engineering skill can overcome the difficulty. On the other hand, the advantage to the travelling public of a station with six passenger platforms is very great, and an object for which some sacrifice must be made. This conversation was remarkable for an ingenious profession on the part of Mr. George Booth that he believed the four-platform station at London Road is a perfect model, and that he had never seen any inconvenience or delay to passengers arising there. Happy Mr. Booth, who can take his walks abroad without scuffling on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, and Midland side on a Saturday afternoon! Mr. Fox Turner made a contribution to the debate mainly to air a good joke. Having heard Mr. Alderman Bennett mention the word rookery, it seems to have occurred to his mind that an opportunity had arisen, and so he got up, and having first dis-

claimed any desire to discuss with Mr. Bennett the character of any rookery—oh, Mr. Turner!—he said he had always observed that the worthy alderman managed, whether by rookery, hookery, or crookery, to get his own way. This was deliberately said at eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning, before the hour of luncheon; but perhaps Mr. Turner had dined late on the previous evening, and still lived in the echoes of the roars with which a crowded table had greeted his delicate wit. Mr. Bright and Mr. Stewart presented their report on baths and wash-houses, and the Council committed itself to the principle that its duty is to supply these conveniences to the people in crowded centres. True to their professions as economists, the New Cross Liberals resolve to take the Council into their confidence before they spend any money. This is an excellent example, and is respectfully commended by the *Jackdaw* to the consideration of the Markets Committee, but it may not be very favourable to the rapid building of wash-houses and baths. Mr. Bright, and his colleagues on the Nuisance Committee, have also discovered, and propose to apply with great stringency, a short and easy method with smoky chimneys. Having been convinced by actual demonstration that the smoke of boiler furnaces can be entirely consumed, with an actual saving in coal and labour to the steam user, they will connive no longer at the systematic breach of the law, which daily wraps Manchester in gloom. Millowners must therefore look out, and the patentees of effective smoke consumers have a lively time before them. Mr. W. Scott Brown made a sensible speech against the policy of letting out the public property to the use of private firms, as is being done in the case of the street lamp directories. But there may be exceptions to the soundest rule, and we cannot help believing that Messrs. Ashton Lever and Company's handy guides will prove themselves so useful that an exception may be made, in their case, with advantage to the public, and no harm done to anybody. The Council is to be congratulated on a harmonious meeting, in which much useful practical business was done in a business-like manner. Happy is the Corporation whose annals are thus dull! But to Mr. Stewart we owe one characteristic sally, which helped to lighten our labours. Observing a venerable alderman—whose name we would not reveal for untold wealth—gossiping with a friend while he was on his legs, Mr. Stewart suddenly stopped and refused to go on, remarking that "it was only due to the worthy alderman that his private confabulations should not be interrupted."

### THE CONVERSION OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

**A** CORRESPONDENT of the *Courier* has been much struck by the loyal and constitutional tone lately adopted by the *Daily Telegraph*, especially in condoning, denying, and explaining the Turkish atrocities, and generally lending its support to the Turkish party at home and abroad. He says: "When the chief paper of the Liberals, and the usually ardent supporter of Mr. Gladstone, says these things, what shall we think? I leave the common-sense of your readers to answer the question. I think, however, we should pay all honour to the paper who will hold and boldly promulgate its opinions, though they be altogether opposed to those of its party and chief supporters." Now, without professing to see further through a millstone than our fellows, we may remark that there is another and very much easier solution of the fact mentioned—namely, the conversion of the "largest circulation in the world" from Radicalism to constitutional principles. The explanation is briefly this, and we only give it for what it is worth: that since the splendid work of the gentlemen of the *Daily News* staff has been brought to light, the *Telegraph* has ceased to be the "chief paper of the Liberals," as the correspondent somewhat rashly and ignorantly puts it. Our friend, the *Daily Telegraph*, has in fact been thrown into the shade, and in that temporary seclusion, meditating over the vanity of all human aspirations, has probably come to the sensible conclusion that there are two sides to every question, and that there are other spheres than one for pure and forcible English, and fervid literary rhetoric. It must be a consoling and encouraging thing to many a Conservative to reflect that the terse and manly, yet flowing, periods of the *Telegraph* are no longer enlisted on the side of Radicalism. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, must be in despair.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

## THE MANCHESTER AQUARIUM.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

I NEVER consider that an hour or two spent at the Aquarium is wasted so long as one goes there in a proper frame of mind. I suppose that there must be some people who go there and regard the visit just as they would that to any other show-place, carrying away neither information nor food for reflection; but it is not so with me, nor is it so, I hope, with many others. If by watching the manoeuvres of soles at the bottom of a tank I can arrive at last at the discovery that soles were made flat in order that they might be fried in a pan, can it be said that my visit has been thrown away? There is a reason for everything in nature, if one can only find it. The late Canon Kingsley said in one of his books that surely the creator of certain comically grotesque beasts which are found in nature must have possessed a huge enjoyment of humour. This is a grand thought, and helps one considerably to appreciate such places as an aquarium, wherein you have stored not only many things of beauty, but an infinite variety of things of ugliness. I use the word ugliness in its comparative and finite sense, for who shall dare to object to anything in nature for its ugliness? Does ugliness mean deformity? Look at that colony of fishes, which for convenience' sake, and being unlearned, I will call bullheads. Could anything be more contrary to any ordinarily conceived ideas of beauty than they? They have every appearance of deformity. They are bloated like toads; their heads appear ten times too large for their bodies; their mouths are uselessly and ridiculously large; they cannot swim, but grope, and flounder, and hop, striking the bottom with their fins. They are positively hideous, yet they are not deformed. Their frames are as wonderfully and delicately contrived as yours and mine; and there is, along with their hideousness, a certain unity of design which is irresistibly suggestive of a beneficent creator chuckling over his work. Is it not better to look at them thus, than to say, "What horrid ugly beasts!" and pass on? The very points in these little fishes, which seem to us useless and ridiculous, are those by which they are enabled in some mysterious way to sustain life. If they are too ugly for you, my friend, go on to the next tank; they were not made to please you. A little further on we come to the American king crabs, also grotesque, and the very picture of ugliness—all legs, with a shell like the top of a mushroom, and a long stiff poker of a tail, a perfectly useless appendage. Wait a bit, however; they are very fond of climbing up rocks apparently, and if one of them comes against the shell of a comrade he seems to mistake it for a rock, and climbs up that. One of them falls on his back, and sprawls helplessly. He will never be able to turn over, his shell overlaps his legs, and is smooth as the bald head of a man. Now you will see the use of the tail. It is joined to his body by a simple apparatus, combining all the latest mechanical contrivances which man has invented; it turns every way, to the right, or to the left, up or down. The crab uses it as a lever, and hoists himself over laboriously on to his legs again. Could anything be uglier and more unpleasant to look at than an octopus? It is indescribably ugly; it is even revolting. There is nothing amusing about it. As to those great sea crayfish that wander about so solemnly on tiptoes, they are ludicrous in the extreme. Nothing could be much uglier or less graceful than a skate. As it sails up perpendicularly to the top of the tank, you can see on its white under-part a ludicrous likeness to a man's face—a decided improvement on the face which people discover on the moon. I fear, however, that that going to the surface on their part is not a good sign. It shows, I think, that they must be uncomfortable in their captivity, and that the water in the aquarium is not quite as good as that of the ocean. How can it be otherwise, however? And besides, if they were to remain all day at the bottom, half covered with sand and stones, we should not have such a good opportunity of studying them. Leaving for awhile ugliness in all its varieties, let us go to the tank containing the whitebait, or young herring. Here a long-existent problem has been solved, for you will see here herrings of

all sizes, ranging from the full grown to those an inch and a half long. Now, why the young herrings should at a certain season, being salt-water fish, ascend the Thames, I do not know, nor does any one else at present. Nor can any one account for the fact that it is only the tiny fry of the herrings that ascend the river, and not the full-grown fish. But it is now certain that whitebait are young herrings. It seems rather like an express provision for feeding cabinet ministers; but, at all events, there is no doubt about the nature of the whitebait. A word about the sea-horses, and, though the subject is not half exhausted, I have done. Of all examples to be found in nature I would rather take the sea-horse as a proof of design in creation than any other. Here is humour personified, united to perfection of workmanship. The beautifully-shaped head, the eccentric tail without body, and the graceful fanlike contrivance combining oars and rudder which propels the little creature through the water, all these things speak of a designing mind, and an exquisitely keen sense of humour and variety. I would take this as my text, and say to the materialist, "Does humour spring out of the ground? Shall the subtlest of mechanical contrivances emanate from dust or mud?" If it is so, then let not man pride himself any more on his superiority of intellect.

## AUTUMN.

[BY A NOVICE.]

HOW mournful now the face of Nature looks!  
The rippling brooks  
Which once did purr,  
And laugh, and swirl,  
Beneath the flickering shade  
By green boughs made,  
And laugh and sing  
Like anything,  
As poets think  
When on the brink,  
They throw them down,  
Are full and brown,  
And in their course,  
With furious force,  
They bear upon their surface, helter skelter,  
Dead leaves which once from sunshine yielded shelter.  
But lounging, as in days of yore,  
The bard will miss delights he had before;  
And as for benefit from such a study,  
He'll only find that he is damp and muddy.

## EARLY RISING.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

FROM my youth upward I have been taught that early rising is the most desirable of virtues. Somehow it has always seemed to me a kind of heresy to doubt it, so often has the fact been instilled into my mind. At the same time, I cannot say that I have ever cultivated that virtue to any great extent. I have been rather contented to regard early rising as a virtue for that very reason. I have regarded it afar off as an estimable practice to which my own habits made me a stranger. I have no doubt that it is very beautiful out of doors at five or six in the morning, and the advantages and pleasure of working before breakfast with the head clear, etc., must be very great. At the same time, I have found it very comfortable to be in bed at those times; and while I admire the virtue of others, I am not often in the humour to follow their example. Very often, overnight I make up my mind firmly to rise early on the following morning. I picture myself tumbling out of bed with alacrity at the stroke of five. I reflect that it is just as easy to get up at five as at seven or eight, and infinitely more healthy. I go to sleep pleasantly with that conviction, and wake at five with a vague notion that I have committed myself to some most horribly uncomfortable adventure. I think that on the whole five minutes more one way or the other won't make any difference, but the hands of my watch seem to gallop, and I take just two minutes more. Then I fall asleep, and the clattering of the clogs on the



pavement outside mingles with my dreams, warning me of the approach of six o'clock; a bell clangs at a neighbouring factory. Knowing by experience that there are two bells which follow one another within a short interval, I think I may as well wait for the second. Falling asleep again, I am awakened by the rumbling of the first bus going to town, and I conclude to lie still until I hear the second. In this way it finally happens that I get down to breakfast about half-past eight, having nothing to boast of in the way of early rising except my resolution overnight. I repeat that, not being an early riser myself, I cannot appreciate the pleasure which that practice brings to others. Whenever I have got up early, which is not often, I have found that it was a very doleful performance that I had accomplished. This is probably because I am not used to it. One day last week it happened to me to be obliged to get up at six, which some people will not call early. I had to perform the woeful operation of seeing somebody off by an early train. Why will all women persist in starting at unearthly hours in the morning? I got out of bed at six, and prowled around my tub grumbling. I hurried downstairs, and had to take my tea without milk, because the milkman hadn't come. There was no toast, because the fire hadn't burnt properly. The room was so full of smoke that I had to open the door and window, in order to find the road to my mouth. The button had come off my shirt at the last moment, and I had to sew it on with my fingers half frozen. All the chairs were turned upside down, except the one I was sitting on. The slavey would not answer the bell, because she was beating the hearthrug in the backyard; and when I went out to ask her for my boots, I broke my shins over a bucket. Then I turned out into the miserable raw cold air, and walked down to the station, for the omnibuses had not yet started, and there wasn't a cab to be seen. The unearthly shriek of the milkman cleft the unwholesome air, otherwise a deadly stillness pervaded that fog-laden atmosphere. Not a shop was open. It was ten times more dreary than going to a funeral. Of course, there was an hour of stamping about and waiting in the cold and damp; but at last the train was off, and I was left to my own devices at about half-past eight in the morning. There was now some little life stirring in town, and I ran the risk many times of having my brains knocked out by shutters poked vigorously upwards through gratings from cellars by strong men beneath. My place of business would not open till half-past nine, and I felt inclined to go home and go to bed again, but it was a long way; so at last I betook myself to my favourite restaurant to smoke a cigarette, and have a glass of rum and milk. Here I found all the furniture topsy-turvy, the head barmaid dis-shravelled and dowdy, all the waitresses who usually look so neat and beautiful crawling about on the sloppy floor like toads, and there was no milk. I had—well, never mind what I had, I was obliged to have something for the good of the house; but I made a vow that I would never again patronise early rising if I could help it.

## THE TWO CONSPIRACIES.

### A DRAMATISED ROMANCE OF HEATON MOOR.

#### ACT I.

SCENE I.—A snug corner at the Conservative Club. Three Tory Conspirators discovered, smoking cigars.

*First Conspirator.* Dreadfully Liberal neighbourhood, Heaton Moor. Couldn't something be done to spread enlightened Conservative principles among them?

*Second Conspirator.* It's really shocking to think of an increasing neighbourhood, and nothing to talk over their pipes and beer in the evenings but Radical doctrines.

*Third Conspirator.* It is so; only there's one thing, they haven't got a public-house.

*First Conspirator.* Not got a public-house?

*Third Conspirator.* Not a licensed victualler in the neighbourhood.

*First Conspirator.* It is a regular hotbed of Liberalism, evidently.

*Second Conspirator.* Could nothing be done to teach these poor benighted people better?

*Third Conspirator.* Stay! Yes, I have a plan.

*First and Second Conspirators [together].* What is it?

*Third Conspirator [whispers].*

*First and Second Conspirators [together].* Capital!

*First Conspirator.* But will it work, do you think? And how will you—?

*Third Conspirator.* Leave me alone, to pull the strings. I haven't got a Tory friend on the bench for nothing. And as to working, we'll convert the whole neighbourhood in six months. What with Conservative excursions by rail, Constitutional tea-parties, and plenty of liquor, the good principles will soon take root and flourish. *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE II.—Same as last.

*Third Conspirator [triumphantly].* Behold! A provisional license—certain to be confirmed. I told you we'd do the trick.

*First and Second Conspirators.* Well done. Let's drink success to the Constitution.  
*Scene closes.*

#### ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Chapel-house parlour, at Heaton Chapel. Three Liberal Conspirators, conversing.

*First Conspirator.* Dear me, what a number of meetings are being held about the Bulgarian atrocities!

*Second Conspirator.* It is a noble cause; and the Tories are beginning to shake in their shoes, I can tell you.

*Third Conspirator.* Could not we do something in our neighbourhood of Heaton Moor to help the good work?

*Second Conspirator.* I'm afraid not; there's not enough enthusiasm. People are in Manchester all day, and in the evening too tired.

*Third Conspirator.* Well, it's a pity. England expects every Liberal to do his duty.

*First Conspirator.* I'm afraid it's no go; half of them don't read the papers. You see there's no public-house there, too. A good local cry would do better. Have one more?

*Second and Third Conspirators.* No, thank you; we must toddle.

*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE II.—Same as last.

*First Conspirator [reading evening paper].* Holloa, do you see this? "Provisional license, Heaton Moor!"

*Second Conspirator.* Depend upon it, this is a Tory dodge.

*Third Conspirator.* We all know who has got a friend on the bench.

*Second Conspirator.* What do you say? Shall we resist this iniquitous party move? England expects every Liberal to — Will you have another?

*First and Third Conspirators [together].* Certainly! We will!

*Second Conspirator.* Let us agitate, let us call meetings, and let us serve the good cause. Only we must put it on strictly moral grounds, you know.

*First and Third Conspirators [together].* Of course.

*Second Conspirator.* Oh, we can easily prove the thing a nuisance, and get subscriptions; and we'll engage Jordan, he's our man.

*First and Third Conspirators.* We will.

*Scene closes.*

#### ACT III.

SCENE I.—Conservative Club. Three dejected Conservatives.

*First Conspirator.* So the license is not confirmed, after all; and the Liberals were too much for us. Who would have thought it?

*Second Conspirator.* The party is going to the —

*Third Conspirator.* Never mind; let's drink success to our next little move.

SCENE II.—The Chapel-house, at Heaton Chapel. Three elated Conspirators.

*First Conspirator.* Heaton Moor—hie—deserves the thanks of the Liberal—hie.

*Second Conspirator.* So it does, ole man. We've done the Tories brown this time.

*Third Conspirator.* What did old Jordan—hie—mean—hie—about 'totalers and sallow—hie—'plexions? Wish they had lampsh in these parts, it's—hie—dangerous walk home.

*Scene closes.—Fini.*

## SCIENCE LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE eighth series of these lectures is announced to begin shortly. The first will be delivered at the Hulme Town Hall on October 17th, being one of a course of three by Professor Roscoe, on "What the earth is composed of." The second of this course will also be delivered at the same place. Messrs. Norman Lockyer and W. C. Wilkinson lecture at the large hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, on kindred and equally interesting subjects. The value of such addresses by competent gentlemen cannot be too deeply impressed on the community at large. Their use will at least be to store odd corners of the mind with interesting and important facts, which, even should they appear dry at the time—a thing which is not suggested—may at various periods of life be found serviceable in various ways. No learning, however abstruse, can be said absolutely to be thrown away; but where wisdom comes in a pleasantly prepared form, it is all the more likely to make a lasting impression, and it would be difficult to estimate the value which might hereafter attach to knowledge thus acquired, the pleasure derived from the lectures themselves being left out of the question. That the lectures will in themselves constitute a great treat to the hearers there is no doubt. The names of Professor Roscoe, and the other gentlemen announced, will be a guarantee for that; and the hope is cordially expressed that the eighth series may be, if possible, more successful and more prosperous than was the seventh.

## THE REV. W. A. O'CONOR.

THE Rev. W. A. O'Connor has asked us to insert the following letter with reference to an article which appeared in the *Jackdaw* of last week:—

To the Editor of the "*City Jackdaw*."

Sir,—In your last number you express some surprise that I should think it necessary to defend myself publicly against the charge of eccentricity or excitability. I will lay before you a very few facts, each of them taken from a group of similar ones, and without making any comment, allow you to draw your own inference. In 1869 I complained to one of the authorities of a scandalous injury that some persons were endeavouring to inflict on me. Instead of helping me he went to a barber's shop in my parish, and deliberately sowed there the seed of the report that I was mad. I appealed for protection to the magistrates, and the newspapers stated that I "vigorously brandished a walking-cane towards the bench." There was not a shadow of truth in this. The reporter told me that it was added after the notes had left his possession. A few days after I was seized, and in defiance of all legal forms, sent to Prestwich Lunatic Asylum. The *London Guardian* conspicuously described me as notoriously mad. I was subjected to treatment, on the night of my arrival, that would kill or madden most men. When the principal of the institution, who had been absent, saw me the next day, he at once gave instructions for my release. After I reached home I heard the cries of a madman from some building near my house. I at once sent for a medical man, and acquainted him with the circumstance. Soon after I heard that those cries were attributed by the neighbours to me. I wrote to the Lord Chancellor, begging of him either to protect me or to give me a living equal in value and work to which I held, but at a distance from Manchester. A review of a book of mine immediately appeared in the *London Guardian*, in which all my writings were said to be "twisted." An attack was made on the Queen by a boy named O'Connor, who was said to belong to an insane family. He was sentenced, but never punished. An attempt was made in Liverpool to seduce a soldier named O'Connor from his allegiance. The man who made the attempt was never punished. On a second application to the Lord Chancellor, I heard that my letter had never reached him. I changed my name from O'Connor to O'Conor. The *London Guardian* immediately changed, in a similar way, the name of the Queen's assailant. When the present Bishop came to Manchester I placed the matter before him, and offered to do anything

that he thought fit. After some time he wrote me a letter, in which he distinctly spoke of me as insane. Since then the *Courier*, by a persistent course of innuendoes and open falsehood, has been endeavouring to goad me into some indiscretion, and to spread the notion of my insanity. Those utterances are only faint echoes of outrageous insults and provocations offered me almost daily in private. I have been numberless times a speaker or chairman at public meetings, dinners, and on deputations, which have all been unnoticed in the newspapers. This has occurred a dozen times this year. It has been plainly intimated by an outspoken partisan that the atrocious attempt once vainly attempted would be yet accomplished. As the Bishop has taken the whole responsibility on himself by his letter to me, I appeal to you and your readers whether he is not bound to make his terrible accusation good, or to withdraw it. While he delays doing so means, some of them unmentionable in a respectable periodical, are constantly taken in the desperate hope of driving me to commit myself.—Yours,

W. A. O'CONOR.

## THE THEATRES.

THE severe dryness of Shakspeare and the frolicsome ineptitude of *Opéra bouffe* afford a remarkable contrast which may be studied this week by those who care to visit both of our principal theatres. The various attempts which have been made, notably in this city, to render Shaksperian productions popular are worthy, at all events, of all commendation, whatever may be said of their wisdom from a financial point of view. Mr. Calvert's *King Lear* is a notable performance, taken by itself, and appealing as it does to the student of Shakspeare; we doubt very much, however, whether it will be either understood or appreciated of the average playgoer. That the play itself lacks scope for the minor characters is not altogether a matter of great importance in the present instance, because, with the exception of Mr. Calvert, there is hardly a member of the caste who is not conspicuous for incapacity in the handling of Shaksperian creations. No exception can even be made for Mr. Osmond Tearle, who is manifestly unsuited and ill at ease. Mr. Calvert, therefore, has the burden of the piece on his own shoulders, as very likely the author intended that the King should do, if the play was designed for the stage at all. There are many admirable points in Mr. Calvert's *Lear*. He displays in the part considerably more pathos and tragic power than he exhibited in *Shylock*, and on several occasions rises to a very high pitch of dramatic eloquence, notably in the latter part of the play and in the storm-scene. Whether, however, an excellent performance of the principal character in "*King Lear*," a carefully-managed stage, and first-class groupings and scenery will suffice to popularise Shakspeare, or even to draw paying houses, is a very doubtful problem. There is, we fear, metal more attractive in Miss Thompson, Messrs. Brough and Edouin, in "*Piff-Paff*," an inane production of which we wrote some time since. It is barely possible that if all the pains spent by professional ladies and gentlemen in training themselves for silly buffoonery had been devoted to higher objects, a higher class of dramatic entertainment might long ago have become popular. We say this because the present company at the Prince's suggests undoubted capacity for better things. On the other hand, the fault lies probably enough with the public, who, whether they have read Shakspeare or not, have no higher ambition than to be amused by stuff of which, if it were worth any one's while to print it, they would never read a line. At the same time we must own our opinion that "*King Lear*" is not a play adapted to be successful on the stage under any circumstances. As a remarkable example of the non-popularity of Shakspeare among modern playgoers may be instanced the success of Mr. John Coleman's revival of "*Henry the Fourth*,"—or "*Fifth*," it might be either—in London, wherein the great dramatist has been so clipped and transmogrified by the clever manager that even his best friends almost refuse to recognise him. Mr. Calvert probably knows more about such matters than we do, who care not whether a piece draws good or bad houses so that it have the genuine stuff in it, whether in the matter of workmen or materials. A new and original burlesque on "*Robinson Crusoe*" is to be produced at the Prince's on Monday, concerning which predictions would be vain.

**GARVEY'S LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S SELF-PROPELLING BATH CHAIRS**, for those that cannot walk.—GARVEY, the Private Carriage Builder, &c., 28, Downing Street, and 2, Grosvenor Street, Manchester.



## HOW WE ARE POISONED.

**A**N ingenious baker, taking advantage of certain occurrences that have taken place, advertises as follows in a daily paper:—

**£200 REWARD!**—The above will be given at any time to each and all **C. ELMORE'S WORKMEN** who can truthfully say they have not been **STRICTLY PROHIBITED USING ALUM** or any **ADULTERATION** in his **BREAD**.  
October 2nd. C. ELMORE.

It is satisfactory, as far as it goes, to be assured that Mr. Elmore does his best to provide good bread for his customers, although in these advertising days such announcements must be taken with the grain of salt, which it is to be hoped no baker or magistrate would reckon as an adulteration. At the same time, such an advertisement is suggestive of a bad state of things somewhere, even if we were not perfectly well aware that bread is largely adulterated with alum and other matters. Many bakers, while admitting this fact, tell us that it is not their fault, as the flour is used by them in the same state in which it is obtained from the miller. It is hardly worth while for the public to go into this, as it does not matter to them, so long as they are poisoned, whether the miller or the baker is to blame. It would seem, however, to be to the advantage more of the baker than of the miller to put alum in his flour, the avowed object of which process is to make the bread whiter. Nor, again, need the question be entered into whether alum in bread is very hurtful or not, for it is clear, both by law and common sense, that it ought not to be there. Milkmen and grocers, when accused of adulteration, defend themselves in a similar manner to those quoted. They say that they sell their milk, butter, tea, or what not, in the state in which they purchase it; and, moreover, they assert that, if driven into a corner, the materials used in admixture are not injurious to health. No doubt, if the course of adulteration were followed still higher, its sources would seem to be still farther off. The miller would blame the farmer who sold him corn, and the dairyman would blame the cows which will eat food that produces milk and water instead of milk. At present the weight of the law falls naturally, and as it ought to do, on the persons with whom the public have direct dealings; and if they sell to the public bread with alum in it, butter which is half lard, and milk which is half water, and so on, the screw must be put on them, so that they in their turn may put the screw on those who have defrauded them. This is in accordance with the greatest and wisest principles of representative government; and it is decidedly better that a few scapegoats even should be made, than that the public should continue to be poisoned.

## WAR NEWS OF THE WEEK.

[FROM THE DAILY PAPERS.]

**W**EDNESDAY, September 27th.—Triumph of British diplomacy. Peace a matter of days. The Eastern Question settled for ever.

**THURSDAY, 28th.**—Rejection of the British proposals. War begins again. British diplomacy undejected.

**FRIDAY, 29th.**—Splendid Turkish victory: rout of the Servians. Great battle: the Servians victorious, the Turks surrounded. British diplomacy continues.

**SATURDAY, 30th.**—Critical position of the Turks. Terms of peace accepted by the Porte. British diplomacy still looking up.

**MONDAY, October 2nd.**—Austria expected to occupy Bosnia, to-morrow (Tuesday). Russians will occupy Bulgaria. British diplomacy rising to the situation.

**TUESDAY, 3rd.**—Peace more certain than ever. Reports of Foreign intervention contradicted. Russian Fleet will enter the Bosphorus, to-morrow (Wednesday). More battles on the Morava. Terms of peace accepted. British diplomacy looking up still.

## TO OUR READERS.

Many complaints having reached us, from the suburbs of Manchester and Salford, that the **CITY JACKDAW** cannot be obtained early on Friday, we beg to say that copies of the paper will be posted to any address, on **THURSDAY EVENINGS**, on the following prepaid terms:—Quarterly, 1s. 8d.; Half-yearly, 3s. 3d.; Yearly, 6s. 6d. **BACK NUMBERS** can be had from the Wholesale Agents.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us. *The Brags of the North, Sandy.*—There are brags everywhere where there are donkeys. *C. M. D.*—You give uncontestable proof that you are an idiot, at the moderate cost of one penny. *C. Marton.*—If you have set your heart on appearing in print you should turn out something better. The stamp shall be sent to the Bulgarians, according to our rule. *An Unhappy Family Circle, W. J.*—We must decline to extend the sphere. *Inquirer.*—We have no space for "Inquirers" who are so loquacious. Quire-liner would be a better *nom de plume* than the one you adopt. We must apologise to other correspondents, but want of space compels us to defer their claims till next week.

## TO SHIPPERS AND THE TRADE.

## LEWTAS'S IMPROVED PATENT MANCHESTER SAFETY LAMPS,

## "THE SUN LIGHT."

PATENTED JULY, 1876.

Will produce larger flames than any other lamps with one flat wick, and burn one month without trimming. Are the only lamps in existence that can be lit, or a light obtained from them, and supplied with oil through the burner while burning, with perfect safety, without removing globe, chimney, and burner, as in other lamps. No glass chimney. Combustion perfect without. Globe only. The largest and choicest assortment of lamps in the city, comprising **Table Lamps, Chandeliers, Hall, Brackets, Church, Billiard, Suspenders, Pulpit, Street Lamps, &c.** Supplied and used by railways, collieries, mills, &c. Special quotations for export.

## PARAGON SAFETY BURNING OIL (Registered), WHITE AND ODOURLESS,

Having the highest igniting point of any in the market, 180 degrees to 200 degrees Fahr., 100 degrees above Government test. On account of its great specific gravity burns considerably longer than the lighter and dangerous oils. Specially prepared for burning in every description of mineral oil lamps. Packed in strong drums for home and foreign markets.

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FIVE PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO  
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World-renowned  
**HOUSEHOLD SPECIALITIES.**

A SINGLE TRIAL SOLICITED.

**GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.**



The cheapest because the best, and indispensable to every household, and an inestimable boon to housewives. Makes delicious Baking without Eggs, Pastry without Butter, and beautiful light Bread without Yeast.—Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in 1d. Packets; 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. Tins. Prepared by

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**YORKSHIRE RELISH.**



This cheap and excellent Sauce makes the plainest viands palatable, and the daintiest dishes more delicious. To Chops, Steaks, Fish, &c., it is incomparable.—Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each. Prepared by

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The best, cheapest, and most agreeable Tonic yet introduced. The best remedy known for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, &c., &c. Restores delicate invalids to strength and vigour. Sold by Chemists, Grocers, &c., at 1s., 1s. 1d., 2s., and 2s. 3d. each Bottle. Prepared by

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FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, AND INVALIDS.

DR. ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D., recommends this as the best and most nourishing of all Infants' and Invalids' Foods which have hitherto been brought before the public; it contains every requisite for the full and healthy support and development of the body, and is, to a considerable extent, self-digestive. Recommended by the medical press and faculty.

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PATENT STOMACH & LIVER PILLS**

SHOULD BE USED BY EVERYBODY, BECAUSE THOUSANDS CAN TESTIFY TO THEIR INVALUABLE QUALITIES AS THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE KNOWN.

For Indigestion, Pain in the Stomach, as fullness after meals, Flatulency, Heartburn, Constipation, Gravel, Foul Breaths, Loss of Appetite, Scoury, Blisters of the Skin, Headache, Lowness of Spirits. In every case where they are fairly tried they will remove the most obstinate complaints. Sold by all Chemists throughout the world, in boxes, 6d., 1s. 1d., and 2s. 3d. each. Sole Proprietors: C. Nuttall and Sons, Basing, Lancashire.—N.B. Ask your Chemist for Nuttall's Vegetable Patent Stomach and Liver Pills.

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**FRAGRANT LIQUID DENTRIFICE** makes the teeth beautifully white, sweetens the breath, and produces a pleasant froth in the mouth. One trial of this delicious dentrifice will ensure permanent patronage. *Fragrances and Pastes should be avoided, as they scratch the enamel, and cause the teeth to decay.*

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For the cure of ulcerated legs, ulcerated sores on the neck, old wounds, pimples, scurvy, blotches, postules, itch, glandular swellings, tumours, cancerous ulcers, king's evil, piles, ulcerated lungs and liver, consumption, gout, rheumatic gout, lumbago, gravel, nervous debility, and general weakness from whatever cause arising.

Prepared only by WILLIAM HANDS, CHEMIST, CHELTENHAM, and sold in bottles, 1s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each, by respectable chemists and medicine vendors in the United Kingdom. Two large bottles generally cure the worst cases.

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**FIFTEEN years' trial has proved the**

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Retail of all respectable Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers, and Patent Medicine Vendors. The above preparations are prepared solely by JOHN BLAKE, 8, Malmesbury Square, Park Road, Pockham, London.

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**TRUSSES.**—Dr. THOMSON'S remedy is the only known cure for these terrible complaints, and is applicable to every case of single or double rupture, however bad or long standing, in either sex, of any age, effecting a perfect cure, in a short time, without confinement or pain. This wonderful discovery has cured thousands of cases, and it cannot fail to be appreciated as a blessing by all who have ever worn trusses, bandages, or other galling supports. Sent free by post, with full directions for use, on receipt of postage stamps or post-office order for 10s., payable at the General Post-office to Ralph Thomson, 55, Bartholomew Road, Kentish Town, London.—Extracts from testimonials: "I find myself completely cured, and have tried every means to prove the cure by lifting and running, which, I am happy to say, I can do without pain or using any truss. P. W."—"Your remedy has cured my rupture, and I have used violent exertion since, without any sign of its reappearance. Miss S."—"A fair time has elapsed since I used your remedy; moreover, I have been examined by our surgeon, who declares I am quite cured. J. P."—"My rupture being 28 years old, I never expected so perfect a cure. E. L."—"I now write to tell you my daughter is perfectly cured by your remedy. Mrs. H."—Consultations daily, from 10 till 12, Sunday excepted. Fee, one guinea.

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The material of which these are made is recommended by the faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS, VARICOSE VEINS, &c.

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The only coach-builder in Manchester that has been awarded Prize Medals for improvements and designs in private and public Hansom Cabs.

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A SINGLE TOOTH FROM FIVE SHILLINGS.

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We offer a large Stock, well matured,  
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